

HYMNS AND VERSES
BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW



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Samuel Longfellow.

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BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

HYMNS AND VERSES

✓ BY

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace"



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1894

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The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
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THE hymns in this little volume have, with a few exceptions, been already printed in various collections.

In 1846, Mr. Longfellow, in connection with Rev. Samuel Johnson, published the Book of Hymns, followed two years later by an enlarged edition. This contained three original hymns by Mr. Longfellow, and one translation from the Breviary.

In 1860, Mr. Longfellow published a book of Vesper Services, which contains his Vesper Hymns. In the same year, he published a Book of Hymns and Tunes for the Sunday School. In 1876, he issued an enlarged edition of this, omitting most of the children's hymns, and making other changes.

In 1864, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Johnson published the Hymns of the Spirit, carefully selected as an expression of purely spiritual religious belief.

It contains twenty-two original hymns by

Mr. Longfellow. Three of these are marked anonymous in the index, as Mr. Longfellow wished to avoid the appearance of introducing too much of himself into the book.

The hymn, "Holy Spirit, Truth Divine!" bears some resemblance to one by Andrew Reed, but after careful investigation they appear to be quite distinct.

The hymn, "Sing forth his high eternal Name" was written by request for the tune of Coronation.

In 1887, Mr. Longfellow printed for private circulation a small collection of his hymns and verses. In the present collection a few of the hymns and poems have been taken from manuscripts which, although without signature, seemed undoubtedly original with Mr. Longfellow.

Where there is any variation in the text it has been thought best to follow the latest revision.

A. M. L.

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THE CALL.

*"The laborers are forth ; why tarriest here ?
Their song is heard afar while thou dost dream."
O Thou who to thy children still art near,
From thee upon my soul the call doth gleam !
I must no longer muse beside the stream,
No longer in green-shadowed byways lurk,
But rise and go forth girded for my work, —
To sow beside the waters garnered seeds
Of thought that shall bear fruit of noble act,
And feeling that shall flower in beauteous deeds.
Do thou supply all that my soul hath lacked,
Do thou supply all that my soul still needs, —
The strength of will, the power to be and do
All I have dreamed of fair and good and true !*

1846.

HYMNS.

HYMN FOR THE ORDINATION OF
EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

O God! Thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now await ;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple-gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still ;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do thy will.

O Father ! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good ;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood !

O Father ! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong ;

And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong !

O give him in thy holy work
Patience to wait thy time,
And, while he toils with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime !

And grant him many hearts to lead
Into thy perfect rest ;
Bless thou him, Father, and his flock ;
Bless ! and they shall be blest !

HYMN OF BAPTISM.

WHEN from the Jordan's gleaming wave
Came forth the sinless one,
A voice athwart the heavens flashed,
"Lo, my beloved son !"

The Baptist, gazing on his face
With the soul's radiance bright,
Beheld upon his sacred head
A snow-white dove alight.

Now, with baptismal waters touched,
Thy children, Father, see ;
While heart and soul, and mind and
strength,
They consecrate to thee.

Send down on them thy holy dove,
Thy spirit undefiled ;

Be each in purity and faith
Thy well-beloved child !

O help them in the wilderness,
To conquer doubt and sin,
To see above them still thy Peace
And hear thy voice within !

1848.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His “new commandment” Jesus gives, —
His blessed law of love.

O bond of union strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours ;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And “the sweet tasks of love.”

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

SUPREME disposer of the heart !

Thou, since the world was made,
Hast the best fruits of holiness
To holy hearts displayed.

Here, hope and faith their links unite
With love in one sweet chain ;
But when all fleeting things are past,
Love shall alone remain.

O love ! O true and fadeless light !
And shall it ever be,
That after all our toils and tears
Thy Sabbath we shall see ?

'Mid thousand fears and dangers now
We sow our seed, with prayer,

But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

O God of justice, God of power !
Our faith and hope increase,
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace.

Breviary, 1848.

HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHAPEL OF
THE FIRST PARISH, HAVERHILL.

O GOD ! a temple to thy name
Our hands have builded fair
And now we dedicate to thee
This lowly House of Prayer.

And Father, though thou dwellest not
In temples made with hands,
But in the pure and holy heart
That doth thy pure commands,

Yet dwell thou here ! for here, we trust,
Shall hearts which thou wilt love
Bring unto thee the offering,
Which thou dost most approve.

Here be thy word of Love and Power
Proclaimed from lips sincere,
And every hope which blesses man
Find warmest welcome here.

Here meet in Love thy sin-stained child
And bid his wanderings cease
And on the weary, laden heart
Send thine untroubled Peace.

1848.

THE WORD.

IN the beginning was the Word.
 Athwart the primal night
It flashed with quick, creative power,
 And on the earth was light.
IN the beginning was the Word.
 God's utterance of might
Upon man's waiting spirit flashed,
 And in the soul was light.

O Word that broke the stillness first,
 Sound on, and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
 And all her discord peace.
Sound in thy servants' willing hearts
 Till all their depths be stirred ;
Speak from their pure, untrembling lips,
 O ever-living Word !

LAW AND LOVE.

O THOU in whom we live and move,
Whose love is law, whose law is love,
Whose present spirit waits to fill
The soul that comes to do thy will !

Unto our waiting spirits teach
Thy love beyond the power of speech,
And bid us feel with joyful awe
The omnipresence of thy law.

That law doth give to truth and right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly cherished lie
And boasting wrong to cower and die.

Its patient working doth fulfill
Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,

Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love to come to naught.

Such faith, O God ! our souls sustain
Free, true, and calm, in joy and pain,
That even by our fidelity
Thy kingdom may the nearer be !

“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE
NIGHT ? ”

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A QUARTER of the circling sphere
Has rounded onward to the light ;
We see not yet the daylight clear,
But we can see the paling night.

And Hope that aye relumes her fires,
And Faith that shines with steadfast
ray,
And Love that courage reinspires,
As morning stars, lead on the day.

O sentinels, whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not
see,

Pause now ; exchange with cheer the
word,

The unchanging watchword, Liberty !

Look backward ; how much has been
won !

Look round ; how much is yet to win !
The watches of the night are done ;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
Oh, keep us steadfast, patient, true !

1856.

VESPER HYMNS.

I.

TO AN AIR HEARD IN S. TRINITÀ DE MONTI IN
ROME.

HEAR us, Heavenly Father, hear us !

Give to us thy perfect peace.

Thou whose love unsleeping

Watch is ever keeping,

Shades of evening gather,

Thou, our heavenly Father,

Holy and Merciful,

Hear our evening prayer !

When life's glooms o'ertake us

Thou wilt not forsake us ;

When life's shadows darken

Thou our cry wilt hearken ;

Holy and Merciful !

Thou wilt hear our prayer :

Give us thy peace, O God,
Keep us in thy perfect peace !

II.

SOFT as fades the sunset splendor
And the light of day grows dim,
We to God our praises render,
Sing we thus our vesper hymn, —
Jubilate, Amen !
Father, gracious, loving, tender,
Oh, accept the grateful strain !

Day by day comes rich in blessing,
Night by night brings holy calm ;
Lord, to thee our praise addressing,
Rises thus our joyful psalm, —
Jubilate, Amen !
But, unworthiness confessing,
Into silence fades again.

III.

Now on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound,

And our evening hymn is blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story, —
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo ! eternal stars arise ;
Hope and faith and love rise glorious
Shining in the spirit's skies.

IV.

AGAIN as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls,
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

The struggling heart that seeks release
Here finds the rest of God's own peace,
And strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lays down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light, to thee we bow !
Within all shadows standest thou :
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing !

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell !

“GO FORTH TO LIFE.”

Go forth to life, O child of earth,
Remembering still thy heavenly birth,
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires be in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters should beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere !

HYMN OF WINTER.

'T IS Winter now ; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds
 blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring
 wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God ! who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days !

1859.

SUMMER RURAL GATHERING.

THE sweet June days are come again,
With sun and clouds between,
And, fed alike by sun and rain,
The trees grow broad and green :
Spreads broad and green the leafy tent,
Upon whose grassy floor
Our feet, too long in cities pent,
Their freedom find once more.

The sweet June days are come again ;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields,
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

The sweet June days are come again,
The birds are on the wing,
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all our good,
And 'neath the arches dim,
And ancient pillars of the wood,
We lift our grateful hymn.

1859.

A PRAYER.

LIFE of God, within my soul
Come, and make my spirit whole !
Pour new life through every vein,
Search and heal this inward pain !

All this restless discontent,
All these wishes vainly spent,
All this love of self and ease,
All thy searching spirit sees, —

Let them all decay and fall ;
Thou, my God, be all in all ;
Be my power and be my peace,
Be my freedom and release.

Ever whisper the great thought
Which by toil is never bought ;
Still reveal the glorious truth
That gives the soul perpetual youth.

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

“ Who sees God’s hand in all things, and all things in God’s hand.”

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love !
And all is well again.
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road, —
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;

Around me flows thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand ;
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

“IN ALL AGES ENTERING HOLY
SOULS.”

LIGHT of ages and of nations !
Every race and every time
Has received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
Always spirits in rapt vision
Passed the mystic veil within ;
Always hearts bowed in contrition
Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noblest aspiration
Truth in growing clearness saw ;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spake thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever ;
Revelation is not sealed ;
Answering now to our endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the soul's deep pages
Shines to-day, forever new !

1860.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

ONE holy church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;

And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed,
Fulfill thy work sublime ;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
Redeem the evil time !

1860.

“AROUND THE WINTRY TOMB.”

AROUND the wintry tomb,
Blown by the drear wind's breath,
As with a voice of doom
The dry leaf rustleth ;
But a secret voice still whispers,
“ O soul, there is no death ! ”

Hearts on the altar laid
May seem to perish, slain ;
The sacrificial blood
May seem to flow in vain ;
But a secret voice still whispers,
“ O true soul, not in vain ! ”

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE loving Friend to all who bowed
 Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer
 His consolations flowed.

The faithful Witness to the Truth,
 His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
 The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
 His piercing glance could bear;
But longing hearts which sought him found
 That God and heaven were there.

“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY
BREAD.”

O God, thou giver of all good !
Thy children live by daily food ;
And daily must the prayer be said,
“Give us this day our daily bread !”

The life of earth and seed is thine ;
Suns glow, rains fall, by power divine ;
Thou art in all ; not even the powers
By which we toil for bread are ours.

What large provision thou hast made !
As large as is thy children's need :
How wide thy bounteous love is spread !
Wide as the want of daily bread.

Since every day by thee we live,
May grateful hearts thy gifts receive ;
And may the hands be pure from stain
With which our daily bread we gain.

ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering
world ;

Now, each man to his post !
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;
Who joins the glorious host ?

He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host !

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong, —
He joins the sacred host !

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,

But, though defeated, battles still, —
He joins the faithful host !

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
He joins the martyr host !

JOHN AND JESUS.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore !
A summons stern and clear : —
Reform ! be just ! and sin no more !
God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear : —
Love God ! thy neighbor love ! for see,
God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth : I hear with awe ;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love !
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through Duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty !

“FATHER, I HAVE SINNED.”

Love for all ! and can it be ?
Can I hope it is for me ?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low !

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild ;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam !

I, who spurned his loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled ;
I, who would not hear his call,
I, the willful prodigal ?

I, who wasted and misspent
Every talent he had lent ;

I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein !

To my Father can I go ? —
At his feet myself I 'll throw,
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place for me.

See, my Father waiting stands ;
See, he reaches out his hands ;
God is love ! I know, I see
There is love for me — even me !

PRAYER FOR INSPIRATION.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God, and Inward Light !
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Power divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine !
King within my conscience reign ;

Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine !
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine !
Gladden thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I sing,
“Spring, O Well ! forever spring.”

PEACE ON EARTH.

PEACE, peace on earth ! the heart of man
forever
Through all these weary strifes foretells
the day ;
Blessed be God ! the hope forsakes him
never,
That war shall end, and swords be sheathed
for aye.

Peace, peace on earth ! When man to
man is brother,
Hosts shall go forth to bless, and not de-
stroy ;
Nations shall justly deal with one another,
And peace on earth fulfill the angels' joy.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

O THOU, whose liberal sun and rain
Come not upon the earth in vain,
Now let thy quickening word come down
The worship of this hour to crown !

O hear this church renew its vow,
Its solemn consecration now,
To work, with heart and soul and might,
For Truth and Freedom, Love and
Right ;—

To listen with a willing faith
To whatsoe'er the Spirit saith,
And year by year to be more true
To him who maketh all things new !

“GOD, THROUGH ALL, AND IN YOU
ALL.”

God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Of all above and all below,
Creation lives and moves in thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And e'en the still rock's mossy stains.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air ;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds
blow,
There is thy power ; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night ;

And when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, “ Let there be light.”

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man’s spirit we behold ;
Thine image and thyself are there —
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

“THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU
FREE.”

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FIRST MEETING OF THE SECOND UNI-
TARIAN SOCIETY IN BROOKLYN.

WE sowed a seed in faith and hope
Out in the unfenced lands ;
Now, rooted deep and spreading fair,
A living tree it stands.
Nor strife nor cry has marked its growth,
But, broad'ning silently,
Each bough that sways in sunshine says,
“ The Truth shall make you free ! ”

Its leaves have for our healing been
By dews of heaven blest ;
Beneath its boughs our children sang,
Our dear ones passed to rest.

We in its shade with God have walked,
Whom our own hearts could see ;
And lo ! from need of rite or creed
His Truth has made us free !

From outward rule to inward law
That Truth our feet still lead !
From letter into spirit still,
From form to life and deed !
From God afar to God most near !
Our confidence is he ;
From fear of man or Church's ban
His Truth has made us free.

“BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS
NEW.”

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FREE
RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

O LIFE, that maketh all things new, —
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows ;
The seekers of the light are one, —

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God, —

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death, —
The Life that maketh all things new.

1878.

“BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE
WHITE.”

OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word, —
“ More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord.”

We hear the call ; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father’s work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets’ word, and martyrs’ blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred !
To do thy will we come ;
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

“THOU WHO, IMMUTABLE AND
ONE.”

THOU who, Immutable and One,
Through varying forms dost range,
The abiding life, the steadfast law,
Deep at the heart of change ; —

Our restless life sweeps ever on
To regions new and strange ;
But may our hearts the abiding find,
The changeless 'mid all change !

“NOW WHILE WE SING OUR CLOS-
ING PSALM.”

Now while we sing our closing psalm,
With reverent lips and glowing heart,
May peace from out th' eternal calm
Rest on our spirits as we part.

May light, to guide us every hour,
From thee, eternal Sun, descend ;
And strength from thee, almighty Power,
Be with us now, and to the end !

EASTER.

Lo, the earth again is risen,
Living, from its wintry prison ;
Bring we flower and leaf and spray
To adorn our holiday !

Once again the word comes true :
Lo, he maketh all things new !
Now the dark, cold days are o'er,
Light and gladness are before.

How our hearts leap with the spring !
How our spirits soar and sing !
Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

Change, then, mourning into praise,
And for dirges anthems raise !
All our fears and griefs shall be
Lost in immortality !

HYMN

FOR A CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

ETERNAL One, thou living God,
Whom changing years unchanged reveal,
With thee their way our fathers trod ;
The hand they held, in ours we feel !

The same our trust, the same our need,
In sorrow's stress, in duty's hour ;
We keep their faith, if not their creed,
That faith the fount of all our power !

We bless thee for the growing light,
The advancing thought, the widening view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight,
Which from the old unfolds the new.

With wider view, come loftier goal !
With fuller light, more good to see !

With freedom, truer self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be !

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,
To follow where thy truth shall lead.
That truth alone can make us free ;
Who goes with God is safe indeed !

BENEDICTION.

FATHER, give thy benediction,
Give thy peace, before we part ;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart :—
Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end ;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE
CAMBRIDGE HOSPITAL.

THOU Lord of life, our saving Health,
Who mak'st thy suffering ones our care,
Our gifts are still our truest wealth,
To serve thee our sincerest prayer.

As on the river's rising tide
Flow strength and coolness from the
 sea,
So, through the ways our hands provide,
May quickening life flow in from thee,—

To heal the wound, to still the pain,
And strength to failing pulses bring,
Till the lame feet shall leap again
And the parched lips with gladness sing.

Bless thou the gifts our hands have
brought!

Bless thou the work our hearts have
planned!

Ours is the hope, the will, the thought;

The rest, O God, is in thy hand!

1886.

THE LORD OF ALL.

SING forth his high eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same, —
The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall ;
His hand is still outstretched to bless, —
The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defense and wall ;
His providence our life surrounds, —
The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call ;
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous God of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise, —
The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

EASTER HYMN.

CEASE, O mourner ! cease your tears,
Lift your sorrow-burdened eyes.
Through the clouds the blue appears,
Storms have cleared the April skies.
Ended is the winter's strife,
Stand the fields in living green ;
Death is swallowed up in life ;
Faith is justified, serene.

Go not to the grave to sigh,
'Tis not there your treasure lies ;
Unseen, yet most closely nigh,
Is the loving heart you prize.
Graves are but the body's bed,
Soul the grave could never hold ;
Living seek not 'mid the dead ;
Hearts that love can ne'er grow cold.

Lift your thoughts to higher spheres,
There the radiant one behold
Free from grief, save for your tears,
Joyous as in days of old.
There in life's untiring round
Of willing service gently led,
The dead are living, the lost found,
And the sorrowing comforted.

Faith's strong hand the veil thus parts,
Thus the light of life shines through ;
Near unto your heart of hearts
Is the loved, still loving you.
Ended be your mourning hours,
Learn the lesson taught of old
By the very birds and flowers, —
Trust in God, and be consoled.

EASTER CAROL.

SING we now our hymns of gladness
On this happy Easter morn ;
Sing of life, — the life immortal,
Life that out of death is born.
Death is conquered, and we conquer,
When to holy life we rise, —
That is life, and life immortal,
That the life which never dies.
Sing, sing, children sing !
Sing of life immortal ;
Bring, bring flowers of spring
To the temple's portal !
Strong, strong, lift your song,
Beautiful and glorious ;
Rise, rise, as earth has risen, —
Risen from the dead !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Life again from death is born ;

Thus we sing our hymn of gladness

On this happy Easter morn.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

“Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.” *Rev.* iii. 8.

O CHURCH of Freedom and of Faith,
Give ear to what the Spirit saith, —
“Behold, I set an open door
Before thee, to be shut no more !”

Then let no impious hands e’er dare
To shut out God’s free light and air ;
Let never bigot’s narrow wall
Shut in the Grace which flows for all !

May he, O God, who comes to-day
To teach thy Truth, thy Life, thy Way
In thy high service bear his part
With open mind and open heart !

And O may all who gather here
Hold reverence precious, freedom dear,
And to the Spirit more and more
Be every soul an open door!

1891.

VERSES.

NO HEART ALONE.

“I have learned,” says the melancholy Pestalozzi, “that in this wide world there is no heart willing or able to help another.”

O SAY not we through life must struggle,
Must toil, must mourn, alone ;
That no one beating heart can answer
The throbbings of our own !

The sky with its own celestial hues
Ever paints the sea below ;
And the sea sends up its mists to form
Bright clouds and the heavenly bow.

The stars look down from the holy
heaven
Into the earthly stream,
And see themselves in the quiet depths
With softer beauty gleam.

Thus all things do of their own beauty
Each with some other share ;
And thus a lesson of loving duty
To all men's hearts they bear.

Alone amid life's griefs and perils,
The stoutest soul might quail ;
Left to its own unaided efforts,
The strongest arm might fail.

And though all strength still comes from
heaven,
All light from God above,
Yet we may sometimes be his angels,
Apostles of his love.

Then let us learn to help each other,
As on life's path we wend :
Who sees in every man a brother
Shall never want a friend.

THE VIADUCT.

FAIR shines the landscape in the evening
glow,

While the warm sunbeams steep each
tree in light,

Brightening the meadow's green expanse
below

And flashing where the river comes to
sight ;

And high above, the bridge, as in disdain

Of hill and valley, over them doth leap,
Its rocky feet set firm upon the plain,

While the white arches spring from
steep to steep ;

And at that airy height securely sweep
The rushing cars in swift and long-drawn
train.

O wondrous power of man ! which thus
doth chain

All powers of Nature, and doth subject
keep

Those fiery steeds, and guide them with-
out rein

O'er hill and valley, interposed in vain !

1840.

ROCK-BURN.

TO M. M. W.

O'ER sands of golden brown,
O'er rocks with mosses gray,
The eager brook hastes down,
Nor pauses on its way ; —

Staying not to kiss the leaves
That dip in its cool tide ;
Staying not to woo the flowers
That bloom along its side ;

Staying not in the sweet shadow
Of the forest green and cool ;
Staying not in the sunny meadow,
Nor in the dark still pool ;

Staying not to hear the bird-song,
Nor the busy hum of the bee,

But rushing restless onward
Down to the distant sea, —

Down through the broad deep river
Unto the roaring main ;
It hears the deep sea calling,
And answers back again !

Say not the brook is laughing
Or singing merrily, —
Its wave yon tired boy quaffing
Not wearier can be.

No mirth it ever knows ;
But it leaps from stone to stone,
And murmurs as it goes
In eager, restless tone.

And its voice has strange power
To win our souls away :
Oh, we can sit and listen
Through the long summer day, —

Sit till the day is ended,
And the hot sun gone down,
And on the woods descended
The twilight soft and brown.

And its voice grows loud and clear
When the world lies asleep ;
And it preaches in the ear
Of those who wake and weep.

It tells of restless yearning,
Of the spirit's ceaseless strife,
How the soul is ever sighing
After a higher life.

How time's stream floweth ever
Bearing our life away ;
Vain, vain is our endeavor, —
We cannot make it stay !

Onward and ever onward
The unresting current rolls,

And strange, mysterious voices
Are calling to our souls.

The present cannot win us
That we should in it stay ;
The Eternal call within us
We hear, and must obey.

1840.

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

✓ So short thy stay, so swift thy flight,
Methinks some vision of a night
Gleamed for a moment on my sight.

But 't is no dream that I retrace,
For I have seen thy gentle face,
And held thy hand in warm embrace.

✓ As bright birds through the forest dart,
Does thy sweet smile which knew no art
Still flash its sunshine to my heart.

And, as beneath the trees I lie,
In the dusk violet springing nigh
I see again thy tender eye, —

That eye where loving thought did brood,
Its light by lashes dark subdued,
Like the soft light within a wood.

And in the neighboring streamlet's fall
Thy voice afar doth seem to call
In accents mild and musical.

So though thou art no longer here,
Yet to my heart thou still art near ;
And I must ever hold thee dear,

✓ And unto Heaven raise this prayer,
That God from tears thine eyes would
spare

And guard thy feet from every snare !

LESSONS.

WHAT is the lesson the flower preaches
As it blooms beside the brook ?
Could we but listen to what it teaches,
We should need no written book.

Up from the bosom of earth it shoots
To drink the living air ;
It opens its heart to the light and heat
And scatters its perfume rare.

“Open thy heart,” the flower is saying,
“To heavenly truth and love ;
To God, in man, be aye repaying
The good that he sends from above.”

What is the lesson the streamlet preaches
As it leaps down the mountain-side,
Nor rests nor sleeps, but ever reaches
On to the ocean's tide ?

Nor is that its grave. Oh, do not deem
That it resteth even there ;
Look up ! and see the mountain stream
Transfigured in the air !

“Onward !” the stream saith, “ever
free ;”
Thy path is still untrod ;
Not in what *seems* thy rest must be,
But in what *is*, — in God.”

1844.

BY MOUNT HOPE BAY.

THE evening hour had brought its peace,
 Brought end of toil to weary hands.
From wearying thoughts to find release
 Alone I sought the ocean sands.
Dark rain-clouds southward hovering nigh
 Gave to the sea their leaden hue ;
But in the west the open sky
 Its rose-light on the waters threw.

I stood with heart more quiet grown,
 And watched the pulses of the tide,
The huge black rocks, the seaweed brown,
 The gray beach stretched on either side,
The boat that dropped its one white sail
 Where the steep yellow bank ran down,
And, o'er the clump of willows pale,
 The white towers of the neighboring
 town.

A cool light brooded o'er the land,
A changing lustre lit the bay,
The wave just plashed along the sand,
And voices sounded far away.
Past days rose up to memory's eye
Dark with some clouds of leaden hue, —
But many a space of open sky
Its rose-light on those waters threw.

Then came to me the dearest friend,
Whose beauteous soul to all things fair
Doth, like the sea, new beauty lend
And glorify each image there.
The thoughts which words could never tell
Through subtler senses were made
known ;
I raised my eyes, the darkness fell ;
I stood upon the sands — alone !
1850.

LOVE.

To love and seek return,
To ask but only this,
To feel where we have poured our heart
The spirit's answering kiss ;
To dream that now our eyes
The brightening eyes shall meet
And that the word we've listened for
Our hungering ears shall greet, —
How human and how sweet !

To love nor find return, —
Our hearts poured out in vain ;
No brightening look, no answering tone,
Left lonely with our pain ;
The opened heavens closed,
Night when we looked for morn,
The unfolding blossom harshly chilled,
Hope slain as soon as born, —
How bitter ; how forlorn !

To love, nor ask return,
To accept our solitude,
Not now for others' love to yearn
But only for their good ;
To joy if they are crowned,
Though thorns our head entwine,
And in the thought of blessing them
All thought of self resign, —
How godlike, how divine !

1851.

THE WHITE CLOVER.

TO M. E. P.

AMID the rich and cultured blooms that
shined,

By friendly hands bound in a birthday gift,
I found the homely, dear white clover hid,
And thanked at heart the thought which
placed it there, —

✓ The plain, good flower that cheerfully ful-
fills

Its homely duties in the common field,
Or by the road, ambitious of no more
✓ Than to give needed food to kine and bees ;
Yet serves God's higher love to human
hearts,

When some poor, ragged, brown-cheeked
boy or girl,

Crossing the field,— the poor child's only
garden, —

Plucks it for nosegay or for ornament
Or sucks a moment's pleasure from its
cells ;
Or when some one, not poor nor young,
whose heart
Is yet a child, nor scornful of cheap joys,
Taking beyond the streets his morning
walk,
Perceives a sudden fragrance in the air,
And, looking down, beholds the clover
bloom,
And thanks the Lord who scatters common
things
To make us learn to *value* common things,
To prize those things which we may share
in common
With all, the humblest, more than things
select.
He sows June fields with clover, and the
world
Broadcasts with little common kindnesses,
With plain, good souls that cheerfully
fulfill

Their homely duties in the common field
Of daily life, ambitious of no more
Than to supply the needs of friend or kin,
Yet serve God's higher will to human
 hearts,
Giving a very fragrance to the home,
The hidden sweetness of a kindly heart.

1857.

UNDER THE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

WE sat beneath the wooden bridge
As in a sheltering tent,
And watched the water's emerald ridge
And marvelous white descent.

The schoolboys, ruddy-cheeked and fair,
Stood round in lightsome mood,
Nor saw the awful presence there, —
The spirit of the flood.

And yet on one of them, thought I,
Some deeper influence stole
To touch the slumbering chords that lie
Even in the childish soul.

And when, in later years, his ways
Beside these steeps shall be,
The wonder-joy his foot that stays
Shall seem half memory.

Oh, may some heavenly influence
Still to my soul be nigh
To blend the child's unconscious sense
With manhood's seeing eye !

1857.

NOVEMBER AND APRIL.

THE dead leaves their mosaics
Of olive and gold and brown
Had laid on the rain-wet pavement
Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the autumn tem-
pest ;
They were trod by hurrying feet ;
And the maids came out with their besoms
And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever,
'Neath the wheels, in the black mire,
lost, —
The summer's precious darlings,
Nourished at such a cost.

O words that have fallen from me !
O golden thoughts and true !

Must I see in the leaves a symbol
Of the fate that awaiteth you?

Again has come the spring-time,
With the crocus's golden bloom,
And the smell of the fresh-turned mould,
And the violet's perfume.

O gardener, tell the secret
Of these hues and odors sweet! —
“I have only brought to my garden
The black mire of the street.”

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads
 Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
 Of earth and shadow lies.

The cloud-like cliffs, the cliff-like clouds,
 Dissolved in glory float,
And midway of the radiant floods
 Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
 The sky a sea as well ;
And which is earth and which the heavens
 The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for me life's latest hour
 Soft passes to its end,
May glory born of earth and heaven
 The earth and heaven blend ;

Flooded with light the spirit float,
 With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins,
 The soul shall scarcely know.

SHARON WOODS.

TO S. W. V.

IN the woods ! in the woods !
What tender twilight broods !
What flickering sunlights play
On the beech-tree's mottled gray,
As we sit this summer day
In the woods !

In the woods, in the woods,
What sacred solitudes !
The pine-tree soaring high
Spreads its hand out toward the sky
With murmured prayer and sigh,
In the woods.

In the woods, in the woods,
What low and soft preludes
Of winds the long aisles search.

Where the marble stems of birch
Are the pillars of this church
Of the woods !

In the woods, in the woods,
The brook's soft lapsing floods
Chant loud and low by turns,
Where, 'mid the plumèd ferns,
The sumac's taper burns
In the woods !

In the woods, in the woods,
What sweet and gracious moods
Fill the restless heart with calm,
Till it lifts its silent psalm
With the flowers that embalm
All the woods !

IN MEMORIAM.

S. L. W.

A SENSE of life effacing death ;
A sense of spreading wings ;
Of larger gaze and fuller breath,
At thought of her upsprings !

The enthusiastic heart — the glow
Of warm and willing love —
What bright expansion must it know
In the new ways above !

The soul that owned all music's thrill,
The rapture or the pain,
What marvelous delight must fill
As flows the angelic strain !

The quick bright mind, that knew to prize
Truth's freshest, freest word, —

What mystic wisdom of the skies
Its unsealed ears have heard !

O Life, O Love, O Beauty's thrill,
O Truth that maketh free,
Our souls with clearer faith ye fill
In Immortality !

1876.

SWISS DAYS.

TO S. J.

ONCE more, dear friend, with me recall
Our wanderings in the enchanted land :
The mountain path, the waterfall,
The glacier's chill, the lake's sweet
strand.

Again from the green slopes of Bern,
With eyes by waiting eager grown,
In rapture we afar discern
The lifted Jungfrau's "great white
throne."

From Mürren's pastures zoned with snow
We watch the peaks, with quickened
breath,
Flush in the evening's passionate glow,
Fade into pallor passing death.

From Wengern, through the lonely night,
We hear the avalanche's fall ;
Or up the weary Sheideck's height
Follow the alp-horn's echoing call.

Eiger, and Mönch, and Wetterhorn
Majestic cleave the sky anew ;
And oh, what trembling lights are born
In Luzern's emerald, Leman's blue !

.

Names ! yet what alchemy is yours
Out from the ashes of the past
To shape the picture which endures,
The colors which the soul holds fast !

1877.

TO A FRIEND

ON HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

I. P.

BEYOND the common span
Allotted unto man
Thy life is lengthened, venerable friend !
I fain would send a thought,
In simple verses wrought,
With the good wishes of the day to blend.

And as *thy* thoughts to-day
Retrace the lengthened way,
How like a golden thread, to thy mind's
sight,
The love of God doth shine,
With its unbroken line
Inwoven through the dark as through the
light !

How like a golden clew
All the long pathway through,
The care of him, thy Guardian and Guide !
Its hidden leadings show
In ways thou didst not know,
Whate'er was given, or whate'er denied.

What cause for thankfulness
Thy heart must needs confess
To him, the Giver of our every good !
Blessings of earth and heaven
In such abundance given ;
Each added year an added multitude !

The friendship of the good
Who, faithful, by thee stood
In paths where action, toil, and duty led ;
The affection true and tried
Which closer at thy side
Hath softened life's rough places to thy
tread !

So has thy cup o'erflowed ;
And all along the road
His rod and staff thy comfort have supplied
Who closer than a friend
Shall keep thee to the end,
And be thy portion still, whate'er betide.

For he is there alway,
Whate'er may cloud the day ;
Whate'er is lost, this ever doth remain,
Until the gates uncloseth
Through which the pathway goes
There, where the weak grow strong, the
dimmed eyes see again !

GLEN ELLIS FALL.

“ Underneath are the everlasting arms.”

CALLED by a power they must obey
The waters take their perilous leap ;
But every tiniest drop of spray
That power doth keep.

O heart, that shrinkest back appalled, —
So fearful duty's way, and steep, —
Know that where'er God's voice hath
called
His hand will keep !

1885.

UP TO THE HILLS.

FROM tame and level lowlands,
From the restless, restless sea,
My spirit reaches upward,
Calm mountain land, to thee !

Through the woodlands, through the farm-
lands,
I speed — yet all too slow ;
And the rivers flow to meet me,
Flow to greet me, as I go.

Now green hills are beginning
To rise on every side ;
And distant, beckoning summits
Glance shyly, and then hide.

Now they are all about me,
In their very arms I stand ;

Their strength, their peace, their beauty,
Fold me on every hand.

For me they have been waiting,
Patient, unchanging, true ;
Through all the long year's absence
My faithful heart they knew.

How on their tranquil faces,
Immobile as they seem,
The loving eye still traces
The shifting thought and dream, —

Their sunny smile's enchantment,
Their sad cheeks' mournful curve,
Their glowing, breathing rapture,
Their secret, dark reserve !

How noble is their friendship !
They hold my freedom dear ;
They encircle and they guard me,
Yet they will not come too near !

GOLDEN-ROD.

TO E. K. P.

THE parting day had come ; we stood
alone

On the bare hillside at the evening
hour ;

The mountains rose before us in their
power,

But from their face the light was wholly
flown.

In the gray sky no gleam of sunlight
shone ;

Black rain-clouds just withheld the
threatening shower ;

All Nature seemed to pause, and shrink,
and cower,

Such sombre stillness over all was thrown.

We spoke in low hushed tones, amid the
 gloom,
Of life and all its burdens and its cares,
Of sorrow, and of death, and things
 more sad ;
Then of the life that shines beyond the
 tomb :
From the black sky I looked down, un-
 awares,
And lo ! with golden flowers earth at our
 feet was glad.

1886.

SEPTEMBER.

SUMMER is gone; but summer days remain :

Not all at once the sun withdraws his heat,

Though the day later dawns and flies more fleet.

A softened warmth glows upon vale and plain ;

From field and orchard now the full-heaped wain

Brings the ripe fruitage of the vanished days ;

With gold and purple all the roadsides blaze ;

To dream of summer still the earth is fain.

So from my life the summer now is gone,

And yet my heart some lingering glow retains,

Some joy in beauty, some unchilled
romance ;
Though fled the raptures of my manhood's
dawn,
Yet love of truth, yet love of love, re-
mains,
And gentle visions still my soul en-
trance.

1886.

NOVEMBER.

SUMMER is gone, but summer days return :

The winds and frosts have stripped the
woodlands bare,

Save for some clinging foliage here and
there ;

Now as if, pitiful, her heart did yearn,

Nature, the loving mother, lifts her urn

And pours the stream of life to her spent
child.

The desert air grows strangely soft and
mild,

And in his veins the long-fled ardors burn.

So when are past the mid-years of our
lives,

And, sad or glad, we feel our work nigh
done,

There come to us, with sudden, swift
returns
The glow, the thrill, which show that life
survives,
That — though through softening mists
— still shines the sun,
And in our souls the Indian summer
burns.

1886.

INTERVALE.

THE winding Saco swiftly speeds
Southward among the flowering weeds,
The solemn pine trees lift on high
Their outstretched branches toward the
sky ;

The purple cliffs above the elms
Frown underneath their crested helms,
The summer breezes as they pass
Toss into waves the meadow grass,

And shake the light-poised poplar leaves,
Then play beyond among the sheaves ;
While we upon the upland green
Drink draughts of beauty from the scene.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

IN THE FRANCONIA NOTCH.

O SILENT watcher on the mountain-head,
What years have passed, what generations
 sped,
Since eye first looked upon thy features
 dread !

Men gaze awe-struck upon thy counte-
 nance,
Or pass thee by with hasty, careless
 glance,
And speed again upon their folly's dance.

Unrecked by thee they come and go their
 ways ;
Thou heedest not their chatter nor their
 praise,
But keepest down the vale thy solemn
 gaze.

Stern, grim, unyielding, unrelenting, thus
Looked old Prometheus forth from Caucasus,
So guerdoned for his service perilous.

Say, didst thou too the skies once strive
to climb,
With purpose, too audaciously sublime,
To bring to man Heaven's gifts before
their time ?

Jove darts his bolts against thee, all in
vain ;
In vain his wrestling gales, his storming
rain ;
Thou wait'st undaunted, bearing all the
pain.

The pitying clouds float up to cool thy
cheek ;
They woo thee gently, but thou dost not
speak ;
Silent, for thy deliverer dost thou seek ?

Friend, helper, or deliverer find'st thou
none ;
Thy lip, thy brow, thy heart have turned
to stone ;
Dumb through the years, — in all the
world alone !

1887.

CHILDREN.

O CHILDREN, life's perpetual June !
Your path with buds and fragrance strewn,
Down which your feet beat happy tune !

Your chubby hands are full of flowers,
Your eyes, of sunshine and of showers, —
Darlings of Nature's heart and ours !

✓
| With you we toss the fragrant hay,
| Or pluck wild roses from the spray ;
Your cheeks more rosy-fair than they.

✓ Such charm has Nature round you flung ;
You know " the song the sirens sung,"
✓ That keeps our hearts forever young ;

✓ That lures us to forget our years,
Forget our burdens and our fears ;
✓ Oh, blessed is the ear that hears !

-
- ✓ The innocence that is so wise ;
 - The trust that dreams of no disguise ;
 - ✓ The simple faith in mysteries, —

These still shall in the world survive
So long as God doth children give,
To keep the child in us alive.

FURNESS ABBEY.

“Considering every day the uncertainty of life, and that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors, and dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great wither and decay; and that all things with an uninterrupted course tend to dissolution and death.” —
Charter of the Abbey.

ON Norman cloister and on Gothic aisle
The fading sunset lingers for a while ;
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the
 elms ; —
Then night's slow-rising tide the scene
 o'erwhelms.

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,
And crowns and palms decay with hum-
 bler things ;
All works built up by toil of mortal
 breath
Tend in unbroken course to dust and
 death.

Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone ;
The lamp extinguished and the prayers
 long done ;
But faith and awe, as stars, eternal
 shine ; —
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

All were not idle and all were not base
Who had within these walls their dwelling-
 place.
And still that life is harried, restless,
 driven,
Which finds no hour to contemplation
 given.

O Earth, in thine incessant funerals,
Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown
 walls !
In the broad world our God we seek and
 find,
And serve our Maker when we serve our
 kind.

Yet spare, for tender thought, for beauty
 spare,
Some sculptured capital, some carving
 fair ;
Yon ivied archway, fit for poet's dream,
For painter's pencil, or for preacher's
 theme !

Save, for our modern hurry, rush, and
 strife,
The needed lesson that thought, too, is
 life !
Work is *not* prayer, nor duty's self divine,
Unless within them Reverence hath her
 shrine.

THE NEW YEAR.

NEW Year ! new Life, new Love !
New Hope's fair prophecy,
New Earth around, new Heavens above
Veiled in soft mystery !

O deep and boundless Love !
O Life, more full and free !
O Hopes, in fairer colors wove ! —
This New Year's gift are ye.

WITH AN EASTER CARD, BEARING
A SHIELD OF FAITH.

HEAR what ancient Scripture saith,
“ Take to thee the shield of *Faith*.”

Oft hath it thy covert been,
Thy defense and sheltering screen.

When the darts of grief and pain
Have assailed thy soul in vain,

“ More than conqueror ” thou hast been
In the might of “ things unseen.”

Thine the faith that looked above,
Saw through clouds the Eternal Love.

Thine the faith that looks beyond,
Saw that Life escapes Death’s bond.

Saw to those who shall endure
Victory at last made sure ;

Saw, whoever may deride,
Angel legions on Truth's side ;

Saw the Everlasting Might
Pledged to justify the Right.

Now, at this fair Easter-tide
Faith again is justified,

Lo ! the earth that lay so dead
Lifts again its beauteous head,

Lo ! the buried seed and root
Spring toward leaf and flower and fruit.

Vain the winter's guard and seal
Life supreme save to reveal.

May the stone be rolled away
From all buried hearts to-day !

“BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE
ALMIGHTY.”

WHERE violets cast their shadow on the
sod,

The dewy grass in cooler freshness starts :
And so, beneath the shadowing hand of
God,

Spring fresh the holier feelings of our
hearts.

The Almighty's shadow is a star-lit night ;
His cloud is ever full of hidden light.

“I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE
AFRAID.”

By this broad stream our fathers made
their dwelling,
Built their ships, and boldly left the
shore,
Trusting in God, when winds and waves
were swelling;
They dared the sea, nor trembled at its
roar.

Honor we still their faith and brave en-
deavor,
But dwell not always in the walls they
reared;
We build not on the ancient ways for-
ever;
Yet trust no less the God whom they
revered.

In broader day, with clearer light behold-
ing,
Changing their creed but keeping fast
their faith,
Freely the ancient forms of thought re-
moulding,
Asking what word to-day the Spirit saith,—

We, from the time-worn piers our ship un-
mooring,
Afloat, but not adrift upon the tide,
Dare Truth's broad seas, in faith our hearts
assuring
He must be safe who sails where God
doth guide.

SACRED SONG.

FATHER of Mercies, all is rest and peace.
The stir of day is over now and gone.
Father of Mercies ! Seek we sweet release
From daily cares in thee, O holy One !
The heavenly choirs their worship never
 cease,
They come and go around the Father's
 throne,
And while we lift our hymns, the holy
 chorus
Of blessed spirits solemnly floats o'er us.

Holy devotion ! filling every heart
As if with gentle showers of evening dew,
Faith strong and earnest up to heaven
 doth dart,
As though on eagle's wings it upward
 flew.

Hope whispers cheer and bids our fears
depart,

While *Love* bathes all our souls in joy
anew.

Father of Mercies, we in spirit kneeling
Pour forth in silence all our blissful feel-
ing.

SONNET

READ ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
CLASS OF 1839.

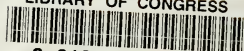
THE voyage draws near its end ; the wes-
tering Sun,
Shorn of its noon-day heat, yet full of
light,
Marks the smooth waters with a glory
bright
Richer than pearly gleams from morning
won.

The shore, which when our voyage was
but begun
Lay so remote beyond even thought's
far flight,
Now on the horizon lifts itself to sight ;
Sees it our failure, or our work well
done ?

Something perhaps of both the voyage has
brought,
Of our large venture something must
avail,
For dreams of youth we have the faith
of age

By knowledge chastened, by experience
taught!
And now the time has come to shorten
sail,
The tranquil harbor calls to anchorage!
1889.

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